

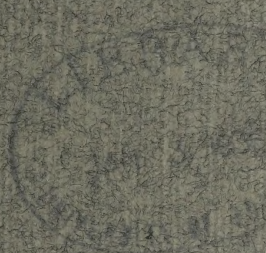
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Davies, Mary Carolyn

(Emily Chamberlain Cook  
Prize Poem)

1913







EMILY CHAMBERLAIN COOK  
PRIZE POEM  
1913

# Songs

*By*

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

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## PREFATORY NOTE

These poems received the second award of the Emily Chamberlain Cook Prize offered by Professor Albert Stanburrough Cook of Yale University to the University of California for the best unpublished verse, the Committee of Award consisting of Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California, Professor Allen Benham of the University of Washington, and Mr. George Sterling of Carmel.



# Songs

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## EXPECTANS

Here stand I, a little maid,  
Holding up my empty cup,  
Waiting, still and unafraid,  
For Life's hand to fill it up.

Whatso Life shall bid me drink,  
That will I, and smile at him;  
Lips shall laugh, though hearts may shrink;  
Fuller, Life! So—to the brim!

## MY WORLD

This is such a happy world—  
Dusk and dawn and dew;  
And oh, the robin's song is sweet,  
And oh, the sky is blue!

Nights a-dance with scattered stars,  
Days a-gleam with sun;  
Can the world beyond the world  
Be a sweeter one?



## DREAMS

One afternoon I slipped away  
From where the others laughed and talked;  
I knew your eyes began to stray,  
And, just a little wistfully,  
To follow down the path I walked,  
Because you could not bear to be  
Away from me.

My hours had all been spent with you;  
My time is yours as I am yours;  
All that I think and all I do  
Are linked with you and still will be,  
What time this soul of mine endures.  
Beyond your face all things I see  
Are naught to me.

And yet, alone, I slipped away,  
Away from you for one brief hour;  
Adown the path we love to stray,  
Where maiden-hair and sword-fern grew  
And every fairy kind of flower;  
The path God kept for just us two  
Since earth was new.

Do you know why I left you so,  
Here in the hush alone to be?  
Not that I loved you less—ah, no!  
But love is still so young and new  
That I came softly here, you see,  
All in the grasses and the dew,  
To dream of you.

## THE LITTLE DEAD DREAM

One day a little dream died,  
    A dream I had learned to love;  
It was made of a kiss and a white moonbeam,  
    And the stars went soft above,  
As I buried my dream.  
And the world was hushed and the stars swung wide,  
    As I buried my little dead dream.

The little dream died so soon,  
    Like a delicate white dawn-flower;  
It was made of a kiss and a stray moonbeam,  
    It lived for only an hour.  
So I buried my dream,  
And I made a sad little song to croon,  
    As I buried my little dead dream.

## MADRECITA

Your arm across my shoulder, my mother, oh, my mother,  
The little broken stillnesses, the whispers low and shy,  
The bits of girlish secrets we used to tell each other,  
As we watched the lazy sunsets that trailed across the sky!

Oh, my arms are aching to clasp you to my heart,  
Oh, my heart is breaking that we must bide apart;  
The miles and miles of water!—but I'm just your little daughter,  
And it's only you I'm wanting, little mother of my heart.

The precious bit of garden that together we were tending,  
The budding honeysuckle and the little old pear-tree,  
Will the cruel months that mock us, and the black nights ne'er  
be ending?  
And you alone, and all alone, and I across the sea!

Oh, my lips are longing to kiss your whitening hair,  
Well I know you're telling God about me in your prayer;  
Oh, the miles and miles of water!—but I'm just your little  
daughter,  
And I want my mother, want her, till it's more than I can bear!



## MOTHER-LOVE

I do not know how rolls the world—  
I only see his dimpled feet,  
His warm, small fingers tightly curled  
Around my own; and it is meet  
That my life's sun rise in his eyes,  
And set, and make my life complete.

God's heaven may be a perfect thing—  
How white his little limbs and fair!  
It may be true that angels sing  
God's praise unweariedly there—  
His baby laugh, his hands that cling,  
And fasten clinging in my hair!

Beyond his smile there may be space,  
The spheres their little course may run;  
There may be light beyond his face,  
And past his eyes there may be sun;  
I only know, were his head low,  
The race of all the worlds were done.

## HELEN

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Helen is said to have had a daughter, Hermione (see Iliad III:175 and Odyssey IV:14) and a son Nicostratus (see Appollodorus III:11, 1). It is to be hoped that the hypercritical will not be too insistent on accuracy in a matter of this nature.]

Men died for Helen—has she ever known  
The little, blind hand feeling for her breast,  
The small heart beating faintly next her own?  
All gifts of life she had—all save the best.

Her kissed lips—overkissed, perhaps—are dust,  
And her white hands and purple-lidded eyes;  
Her face burned Troy—but still the gods are just—  
My little son, how warm and still he lies!

## JUDY O'GRADY

Roughened hair, but a hint of curl,  
Her eyes are hard and her mouth is thin;  
That look in her face—they call it sin;  
After all, she is just another girl.

I cannot guess what her life has been—  
What cruel spur, what brink, what chance,  
How swung the gate of circumstance;  
How should I know, kept safe within

The port of home? I look and see  
A many things beyond my ken;  
Sin—it may be true, but then  
She's only another girl like me.



## SISTERS

My sister never saw the sunlight shift  
Through the cool shadows patterning the lawn;  
She never saw the night's black, starred veil lift  
From the shy face of dawn.

She only heard the cry of weary looms,  
While somewhere robins sang; and the cruel years,  
To keep me free, held her in choking rooms;  
To make me diamonds, used my sister's tears.

## GOD'S MOTHER

For Christ was only a man ; how could he tell ?  
'T is women's eyes that see and bodies know  
The way that leads to heaven, but leads through hell.

Christ only knew Gethsemane. My hand,  
When I have come, shall clasp hers ; and my eyes  
Look in His Mother's. She will understand.

## QUIET

Only the dew and the starlight lies,  
    Only the starlight pale and white,  
Between her lips and the happy skies,  
    Between her face and the night.

Only the sunlight slanting through;  
    The clouds adrift, and the wind at play;  
Only the sunlight and the blue  
    Between her eyes and day.









